Switzerland & the League – I

Chapter 8 – Committee

Switzerland & the League II

Sir J. Bose plant experiment

SWITZERLAND AND THE LEAGUE - I

> "There are, therefore, limits beyond which it is not profitable or even safe to impose terms based upon transitory military decision, since the will and power of every people to exist are permanent. History is full of illustrations of this fact."
>
> HOW EUROPE MADE PEACE WITHOUT AMERICA
>
> Frank H. Simonds

The summer of 1925, Vernon was expected to represent the United States on the Committee on International Intellectual Cooperation at the League of Nations in Geneva, Switzerland. My parents decided to put me in school in the Swiss town of Neuchatel in order to "acquire French and a few other things more readily got in Europe than here (America)", father explained to Miss Sutliff in a letter to his Kansas friend. The letter continued: "I won't try to tell you of my rather crowded life - as I prefer to think of quiet days sometime ahead in California - You know we are keeping a little cabin down near Carmel Highlands Inn and we have the wild hope that we may sometimes live there - "

We planned to stay two weeks in Brussels before going on to Geneva - long enough to visit seventy-four year old Cardinal Mercier at the festival of Saint Rombault in Malines. Clothed in scarlet and with a twenty foot train held by monks, the Cardinal would walk in procession and bless the kneeling crowds of his countrymen.

The chimes of Malines Cathedral are set in a square tower resembling those of Notre Dame de Paris, and are among the most beautiful in Europe; on the Saint's day they were to be orchestrated by the great

musician, Denyn. When we arrived in Malines, the square in front of the Cathedral was already crowded with a popular circus - amusement stands and side shows ready to entertain the worshippers as they issued from the solemn mass. The persistence of primitive folk mores alongside of an exalted religion was never confined to Europe; it can be found in the popular devotion to Nature spirits that tracks the heels of Buddhism in India and Ceylon, and is evidenced in the Catholic Easter processions of Indian Penitentes in New Mexico's Rio Grande Valley.

After the ceremonies at Malines, the Cardinal stood for a few minutes before the front portal of his Church. Mother led me toward the tall gaunt figure quietly surveying the crowds in the square; under the wisps of silver hair escaping from the scarlet cap the acquiline features were vibrant and compelling. Realizing I could find no words after the introduction, Mercier look at me gravely and said: "I am seventy-four, how old are you?"

I was a day from fifteen and back in Brussels my birthday was made resplendent with ceramic baskets of local plums and grapes and other presents. Late that morning a telegram arrived from the Palace Secretary saying Queen Elizabeth wished to see my mother at two-thirty. We rushed out to buy her a grey hat and gloves, and after a luncheon in my parents' honor given by the Belgian banker, Emile Franqui, at which I had to sit at an extra table and take care of two little boys, mother went off to her interview.

Charlotte had known Elizabeth during the war years when she proved to be a woman of clear vision, courage, and utter devotion to each and all of her people. Not long after their meeting King Albert requested

that father discuss with him recent Western political developments and the progress of science in the United States. The King became so engrossed in the conversation that he forgot to present his guest with the medal of Commander of the Order of Leopold the First; an equerry was dispatched to pursue Vernon down the main street of Brussels and hand him the medal!

A telegram from Geneva hastened our departure from Belgium. In that almost prehistoric age of travel the Brussels-Basel express required twelve hours to reach its destination via Luxembourg and Alsace-Lorraine - a dusty, tiring trip. After a night's rest, a further five and one half hour's ride brought us to Geneva. Situated near the French border at the junction of the Arne and Rhone rivers, the town is built around the southern end of a large lake - Lac Léman - called by most Americans the Lake of Geneva.

The city was in the midst of an annual fete and that night the quais were lined with crowds enjoying golden reflections of thousands of lanterns strung about dark waters or waiting their turn to ride the gaily decorated "mouettes", or water taxis, for a better view of the fireworks streaking the sky over lake and city. It was a radiant welcome to my grandmother's ancestral country.

The next morning, as father's guests, mother and I accompanied him to the meeting of the Committee on International Intellectual Cooperation which was sitting in a large businesslike chamber not far from the League Hall. America was represented on several non-political committees of the League of Nations. Together with his U.S. alternate, the astrophysicist,

Dr. Robert A. Millikan, Vernon took part in this committee's attempts to lay world foundations in international fields of endeavor.

As we arrived speeches were being made and translated; father immediately went to his seat on one side of the E shaped arrangement of tables. Behind him, his friend, the physicist, Albert Einstein, occasionally scribbled notes on a small paper pad, then gazed at the ceiling or out one of the room's broad windows. I had the impression he was doing two things at once - pursuing his own abstruse calculations - then jumping to his feet to comment on the proceedings whenever that seemed necessary. After the meeting, father introduced me to the discoverer of the Theory of Relativity.

Another personal friend of my parents' who served on the Committee was Marie Sklodowska Curie who, with her husband, Pierre, had discovered two new radioactive elements: polonium and radium. In April, 1906, Pierre was struck by a truck on a Paris bridge and died soon after. His wife carried on their work and, in 1921, came to the United States to receive from President Harding a single gram of rare and expensive radium - a gift from the women of America for use in her experiments at the Radium Institute of Paris.

augment this by inserting Curie letters here?

Because of father's service to Poland - (Marie was born in Warsaw) - he and Charlotte were chosen to escort the scientist home to France on the liner "Olympic". One result of their developing friendship was my parents' translation from the original French into English of Marie's life of her husband, Pierre.

The important matter of the international literature of science

and its abstracting being discussed by the Committee engaged father's attention, for he had a keen appreciation of taking science to the public. Besides his administrative role at the National Research Council, Vernon had always given sympathetic attention to the public's interest in research. As chairman of the executive committee of Science Service, and working with its president, Watson Davis, father constantly tried to sell newspapers the idea that science is good and important news.

Following the Geneva sessions, Vernon travelled to Southampton to preside at a luncheon conference of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. On behalf of American science, he expressed the hope that the British and other national groups would, in their own way, undertake science interpretation and popularization.

Even without American membership, twice rejected by the United States Senate, the League of Nations was, by 1925, not only an idea but an ongoing political experiment. Above all, it was a <u>place</u>. The place was Geneva, a point of contact not only for statesmen but for the pressmen of Europe and the rest of the world.

American refusal to join the League stood indefinitely, but American appearance at Geneva became increasingly frequent. In practice the distinction was unimportant.

The Covenant of the League, one of the great creative documents of human history, was conceived by Woodrow Wilson - was "his souvenir to the future of the world".[8 7]

In his book, <u>The Ordeal of Woodrow Wilson</u>, Herbert Hoover states that "The United Nations organization except in one particular, follows

very closely the pattern of Woodrow Wilson's League. The Council, dominated by the Great Powers, each with its veto, the Assembly, the Secretariat, the machinery for appeal in case of aggression, the processes of investigation, conciliation, arbitration, the economic and military sanctions - all these were better formulated in the League and with fewer words."

Wilson conceived the League as an association of free nations, stating among his principles of peace - "Only free peoples can hold their purpose and their honor steady to a common end and prefer the interests of mankind to any narrow interest of their own." In the last years of his life Herbert Hoover came to the same conclusion, and favored deserting the United Nations for an association that would exclude autocratic and dictatorial governments. In this he must have been influenced by the memory of the man he had so well known - Woodrow Wilson.

Shackled to the Versailles Peace Treaty, a wretched paper that expressed the dominant national and material passions of the victorious Allied Powers, and unbearable moral and physical humiliation for the defeated Germans, Wilson's fourteenth point - the Covenant - was the only thing really saved at Paris in 1919.

In the period of acute controversy over that "Hell's Brew" that Wilson's critics and disillusioned followers conceived the Treaty of Versailles to be, the President played with the idea of leaving Old World rivalries and hatreds behind at Paris and going home.

On April 7, 1919, Wilson sent word to Captain McCauley of the

"George Washington" that he wanted the ship to return to France and to be put in shape at once for his return to America. However, Wilson's Paris aides and his White House secretary in Washington felt that before "withdrawing the American Delegation, there must be vigorous clarification by the President of the failure of the Allies to make the Treaty among the lines to which they had agreed on November 4, 1918."[98]

Wilson decided to try it again with the "Big Four" composed of the three Prime Ministers of Britain, France and Italy: Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Orlando and, or course, himself; seeming old and haggard, he went on with conferences and compromises.

By staying, the President did save and insure the League; if he had come home, he would have brought his Covenant and his League with him, killed by that act. As it turned out, thirty-two nations signed the Treaty and approved the Covenant. The Hall of the Reformation in the city of John Calvin became the League's forum.

Various personalities associated with the League had taken up residence in or near Geneva. This ensured a social climate rivalling the political scene in its fascinating variety. That summer we were invited to the celebration of the sixty-fifth birthday of Ignaz Jan Paderewski at his farm near Riond Bosson, forty miles out along the lake shore from Geneva.

A true believer in the principles of Democracy, the former Prime Minister had resigned his post in the interest of national unity after it became apparent that he no longer had the support of the Polish people for his middle-of-the-road program. He was succeeded by Pilsudski, then

by Wincenty Witos, leader of the Polish Peasant Party with its left-wing affiliations. Shortly after his resignation, Paderewski, an eloquent speaker, had represented Poland at the opening sessions of the League of Nations in 1920. He had bought the property at Riond Bosson some years before as home for himself, his wife Helena, and his invalid son, Alfred, who later died, and whose place was now taken in the home by Paderewski's sister, Madame Antonina Wilkonska.

On July thirty-first, feast day of Saint Ignatius Loyola, Geneva shops were stacked with boxes ready to be sent to Riond Bosson, with flowers from faraway places for Paderewski's name day, which, according to an old Catholic custom, was celebrated on the feast day of his patron saint. We hired a car and driver and after buying a gift of flowers, left the Hotel Bellevue at seven in the evening. It was raining - heavy mists obscured the lake and distant mountains. After an hour and a half we reached the farm; roadside hedges and trees were illuminated with Chinese lanterns helping to guide us toward the open front doorway of the villa where we could see the still erect, fiery figure and magnificent leonine head of our host silhouetted against a blaze of lights inside the house.

After a welcome which included a warm embrace from Paderewski for father, we entered the foyer and were at once assailed by a fragrance mingled of incense and the perfumes of masses of flowers banked against the main staircase; from the second floor balustrade hung a gigantic silk Chinese rug, the mighty dragon stark white against a bright red background.

The guests gathered in two reception rooms from where they watched

groups of young people dance a mazurka for their host, a polonaise, and various other Polish measures. In her book, Paderewski, my mother remembers:

> "He joined one line after another as they serpentined through the house, and finally, with Madame Paderewska, he led the way to the dining room, where a traditional Polish feast was spread: elaborately decorated ham, fowl and fish, aspics and salads, fruits, ices, many little cakes and sweet champagne. Next the company whirled out to the garden for fireworks, for jokes, more dances, recitation of poems and singing.
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> Along the Riond Bosson lake shore lay the properties of writer and musician friends, among them that of the Polish painist Josef Hofmann. The members of the Flonzaley Quartet lived across the lake and often dropped in. This neighborhood group had the main responsibility of arranging the famous name-day frolic, each time a new entertainment, yet all alike in one thing: whatever the program, it must be a complete surprise to Paderewski...
>
> On this occasion, when a modern symphony of excruciating noises was performed in the pianist's (Paderewski's) honor, he was obliged to sit in the front row and not clap hands over ears, while the Flonzaley Quartet and other noted musicians played - on cheese-graters, egg-beaters, typewriters, (one man had a bath hose coiled around his neck for a horn), and many other contraptions - the ear-splitting movements of this offering. The director, scarcely noticed, stood behind a barrel into which at the end he crashed flower pots and crockery, and as a grand finale, plunged himself head first! He was extracted, and with a magnificent flourish and flowery speech he presented the original red-ribboned manuscript of this work of genius to Paderewski, who rose solemnly to accept it..."

At last, after most of the guests had departed, Paderewski signed to my parents and a few other close friends to remain in the long living room where two of the seven pianos in the house stood back to back. Sitting down at one of the Steinway concert grands - the one on which stood the portrait of Queen Victoria, inscribed after the Windsor visit, he played for us, first, a Beethoven Sonata, then, after a pause during which no one spoke, three short pieces by Chopin. A great window near the piano and its virtuoso player gave fitful glimpses of Mont Blanc across the lake, behind the movement of storm clouds.

It was well after midnight when we left Riond Bosson; the car's headlamps picked out the pitch dark road; peering ahead, we could see far down the lake shore the faint glimmer of the lights of Geneva.

SWITZERLAND AND THE LEAGUE II

At the end of August, father advanced the sum of ten Swiss francs (about two American dollars) as evidence of good faith, and enrolled me at the École Supérieure de Neuchâtel. The picturesque medieval town with its lake and surrounding Jura mountains has a rather dreary climate: sudden squalls transform the lacustrine waters into the most treacherous in Switzerland. I felt cold all winter and remembered the more pleasant atmosphere of Geneva.

The town of Neuchâtel is built on a steep slope which descends abruptly toward a large lake of the same appellative; narrow tortuous streets run beneath terra cotta tiled roofs to a wide central "place" where high yellow sandstone banks face each other. A handsome Cathedral and Château give dignity to this venerable city. Situated on the boundary between French and German speaking Switzerland, Neuchâtel has an important university, a lyceum, a business school and an institute for young ladies wishing to concentrate on the arts of home-making. Standards were high. My reports in America had been good, but soon after entering the École Supérieure I was put back two grades and urged to study the history of the Reformation! It was a formidable task to study Latin in the French language, so father hired a tutor to help me along.

One day a letter from my grandmother arrived enclosing a new American dollar bill. It made me homesick for California and Carmel.

The following year, Vernon had agreed to attend late summer and early fall meetings at the League. Once again he crossed the Atlantic.

Mother wanted to visit Poland, Austria, and Hungary to research her projected biography of Polish Queen Jadwiga; she planned to rejoin father and myself in Geneva in September.

A two-week hiatus between Geneva sessions gave Vernon an opportunity to get up on the glaciers and high meadows of the Bernese Oberland. He decided to take me with him, so when the Paris-Interlacken express stopped at Neuchâtel, I was waiting to board it. Mother had deep poetic insight into Nature, but father opened my eyes to her majestic rationale. Excitement grew when we left the train at Interlacken and changed to a small rack and pinion railway that ran us up to the cluster of chalets and hotels that are Lauterbrunnen. Ahead of us the Stauback river fell in an airy torrent from the cliff edge to be lost in a rainbow on the green meadow 980 feet below. Everywhere cascades and falls threw themselves over rock precipices reminding us of California's Yosemite Valley. Overhead towered the elegant snowy masses of the Bernese Oberland.

Two days later, after consulting the barometer and receiving encouraging advice from our hotel keeper, we walked out into a cold Alpine dawn and took seats in a tiny three car electric train which zigzagged up the left hand wall of Lauterbrunnen Valley on a narrow gauge, cogged track. We stopped at last at Wengen on the edge of a green plateau; a rim of cliffs dropped sheer to the glaciated gorge beneath us. On either side of this gorge and framed by its precipices, rose the stupendous glacial shoulders of the Breithorn and the Grosshorn glittering in the morning sun. From Wengen the track continues until ~~the~~ Jungfrau comes completely into view; seen across a two mile wide chasm, the mountain seemed scarce ten feet away. The most beautiful

point of the Jungfrau is ~~the~~ a smooth silver sheet of ice called the Silberhorn; below it, that morning, mountain chamois were quietly feeding on small patches of turf. At the end of the line we got out and stared up at the Guggi Hut perched on a rock buttress directly above us; the Hut, painted bright red, serves as starting point for the highest ascensions.

Father planned to hike up to the very foot of the Eiger Gletcher: leading the way up a steep lateral morraine, he crossed part of the glacier itself, teaching me how to step sideways on the ice until we reached a fine steely-blue grotto where we stopped to rest. About two o'clock, we heard a thundering crack followed by a tremendous roar and turned just in time to watch hundred of tons of ice break off from the main Jungfrau glacier and roll a thousand feet until the avalanche halted in a wild jumble of dark boulders.

We climbed a minor peak and in late afternoon turned back toward Wengen; a fine Alpine-glow turned the Silberhorn to ruby; the scale of things suddenly became even more impressive - the breadth of the cliffs, the depth of the huge ice-falls - the vision remained with us for many days.

Mother, once more safely out of eastern Europe, rejoined father and myself early on the morning of September 9th at the Hotel de la Paix in Geneva; with delegations arriving each minute every room in the city was taken. That afternoon, Luther, Stresemann and Gauss with a large party of German statesmen and journalists were to reach Geneva preparatory to attending the following day's session at the League of Nations

when Germany would finally take her place on the Council with the other Great Powers.

At the hotel entrance we encountered an old friend from Washington, the international journalist Frank Simonds. Simonds, representing the Mc/ Clure Newspaper Syndicate, was considered the most distinguished American journalist and political historian of his day. He had published a five-volume history of the First World War which was to be followed in 1927 by a controversial account of efforts to make peace after that war - titled: How Europe Made Peace Without America. From study of this book and aided by Herbert Hoover's reflections on events of the same period, I have drawn any insight I may have into the significance of the event I was about to witness on the tenth of September, 1926.

Our hotel had added a number of flagpoles to its normal complement to honor the famous international guests who were then staying under its roof - among them, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, who appeared in the lobby looking very well in a black satin dress trimmed with silver. We ate a second breakfast with Mr. Simonds who told us the following delightful story: summoned to an interview with "The Tiger" (Clemenceau), Simonds brought along one of the statesman's books to be autographed. It was not a fine edition of the work, and the journalist hesitated to present it. Finally, he got up the courage to ask politely if Clemenceau would autograph the volume. When he saw the book "The Tiger" flew into a terrible rage and left the room. He soon returned, however, with a small de luxe edition of the same work; saying: "This is worthy of you" - Clemenceau signed!

It was arranged that father would have the extra bed in Simond's

room, while mother and I would sleep in a large converted bath-dressing room on the same floor of the hotel. All sorts of interesting people gathered in the lobby which was filled with talk of international good-will and a final peace in Europe.

The Japanese Ambassador to the League, Dr. Nitobi, with his wife, were speaking with India's Sir Jagadis Bose and Lady Bose. Sir Jagadis had electrified Geneva with his pioneer demonstrations proving that plants have a heart in primitive form; he had shown by means of a needle attached to plant specimens and in contact with a simple page of graph paper, that plants could write the effects of stimulants and depressants on ~~the~~ such a heart by recording the pulsing of sap in the rise and fall of their leaves. Bose proclaimed that plants have a nervous system and are highly sensitive beings. With my parents, I had a chance to witness one such experiment and remembered that the Hopi Indians always apologize to any tree they are about to cut down for a house beam or other purpose.

That afternoon, after tea, Mr. Simonds took me to the Hotel Metropole where we hoped to catch sight of the incoming German delegation; we succeeded only in getting photographed and "cinemaad" while chatting with the New York Times correspondent. Sitting down to rest on a corner couch in the lobby, Frank Simonds indulged in a few moments of thoughtful silence; then, turning to me, he asked whether I should like to accompany him the next morning and observe the historic session from the Press Gallery. All that would be required would be credentials as his secretary (no salary attached) and that I should stay close by him

and say as little as possible. I joyfully agreed and we went off to the Bergues Hotel to speak to Aristide Briand, the French Foreign Minister, and to the French journalist Pertinax; both these men ~~were~~ well known to my guide and mentor.

Briand would make the speech welcoming Germany into the League - a dramatic gesture toward France's ancient enemy. We stayed at the Bergues until seven; Monsieur Briand came by again, this time with short, stout Paul Boncours who was wearing yellow spats. Tall, white-bearded Admiral Jones, head of the United States Naval Commission, part of our Disarmament Commission, was talking with the current Roumanian Minister to Britain who, everyone conceded, was one of the cleverest men in Europe. When Manley Hudson, one of father's friends working for the World Court, paused to greet us, he introduced Mr. Monton, interpreter for the four Great Powers on the League Council. The reception room at the Bergues took on the aspect of a theatrical setting for actors in a powerful political drama. That night I barely slept and was up far too early for my nine-thirty rendezvous with Frank Simonds.

Armed with a notebook borrowed from father, I entered the Hall of the Reformation promptly at ten - secretary to Frank Simonds, journalist, Mc/ Clure Syndicate, U.S.A.

We climbed to the pressroom amid clickings of cameras and stepped forward into the Press Gallery where I saw down between Simonds and Monsieur Pertinax who, with a half suppressed - half surprised-smile, said a polite "Bonjour". The large rather dingy, unembellished hall, with its plain wooden galleries was filled to overflowing ~~there was a~~ the atmosphere

tense .
~~tense atmosphere~~. In another gallery across the dimly lit assembly mother and father were watching. Below on the main floor were ranged delegations from all League member countries; immediately beneath the Press Gallery was an empty row of seats reserved for the Germans.

Precisely at eleven o'clock, applauded and spotlighted, Luther, Stresemann and Gauss entered the League Hall. After their credentials had been
~~were~~ examined and a welcoming speech pronounced by the League's President, Germany's Foreign Minister, Gustav Stresemann, "a German of the Germans, physically of that Prussian type dear to all international cartoonists", stepped forward and delivered a dignified, restrained and admirably phrased address. Stresemann had once said he wanted to be the German who would make peace with France. This was the moment for which he had worked. For the League and for France, Briand replied. "Without notes or preparation, the French Foreign Minister demonstrated his greatness as an orator, addressing the Germans directly, asserting that centuries of war should give way to new methods and a new spirit in Europe. Not since 1870 had any French statesman thus addressed a German publicly. Indeed in all the centuries of Franco-German history, the circumstance was without precedent."

There was immense applause, shouts of Bravo expressed the emotions of the audience. Britain's Sir Austin Chamberlain jumped up and waved a large blue handkerchief, generating more excitement and enthusiasm. I glanced around the Press Box - tears were streaming down the cheeks of men hardened by years of political disillusion and frustrated hopes. Only Frank Simonds sat dry-eyed - remaining calm - inwardly reviewing

episodes of the past seven years: the German delegation caged like wild animals within a wooden palisade at Versailles; Europe's successive stages of doubt, panic and hope; the eleventh hour Dawes plan saving the German State from utter ruin. Simond's mind pictured the extraordinary meetings between the former belligerents on Lake Maggiore under warm Italian skies, meetings that led to the Pacts of Locarno marking the end of the moral isolation of Germany; finally he remembered the role of England's Ramsay McDonald in leading Britain and France to Geneva. Simonds looked backward, not forward and he retained a healthy scepticism in the face of the circumstances of the moment, leaving it to others to accept the League of Nations as "the ultimate guarantee of the safety of the lamb under mandate to the lion".

Nevertheless, the entrance of Germany into the League of Nations formally established a new system of law in Europe: control of foreign policy had passed from autocratic into democratic hands. The Treaty of Versailles had been revised. The flag of Germany flew over the Hotel Metropole in Geneva. It was, therefore, with some surprise that I overheard a remark by Aristide Briand as we were being jostled about in the Press Room after the conclusion of the session. Responding to the congratulations of a member of the French delegation, the Foreign Minister turned toward the speaker and said: "Merci, oui, j'ai dû jouer un role".* With the exception of the formal signing of the Kellogg-Briand Pact at

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*"Thank you, yes, I have had to play a part."

Paris in 1928, it was the last brilliant part the ageing statesman would play on the European stage.

Mr. Simonds and I made our way from the League Hall through excited crowds assembled outside, and walked to the Eaux Vives restaurant where we ate a late lunch with Frank Kent, correspondent for the Baltimore Sun. Kent had a kindly face and brilliant blue eyes whose color was accentuated by a handsome tie of the same hue.

I listened while the two journalists talked politics: France is due to fall financially after November; England is in the most critical condition; Germany, which has grasped the American way of doing business, is now the leading center of a new era; only a few small countries still consider the ideals of the League a possible reality - it was evident these two men regarded the day's events at the Hall of the Reformation as the end of an old war and not the beginning of a permanent peace.

One seasoned observer said recently that no one could have foreseen the onslaught of another world war only twenty years after the Treaty of Versailles. Some men did foresee it: when Herbert Hoover called on Premier Clemenceau of France in September of 1919 to say goodbye and express appreciation for the latter's support of Hoover's relief work, he found the Premier in a gloomy mood saying "There will be another world war in your time and you will be needed back in Europe!"

After two weeks in Paris, mother, father and I went to Brussels and from there to Antwerp to board the Belgenland. Frank Simonds sailed with us. We reached New York after an uneventful nine day passage; in the early morning light the Statue of Liberty looked quite green; I

watched the foreign passengers scanning the towers of Manhattan and felt proud and happy to be home to things American.

Some months later I received a brown paper package by mail; inside was a copy of How Europe Made Peace Without America; the dedication read -

"To Jean Kellogg, to whose invaluable assistance as my Hon. Secretary I owed so much at Geneva -

Frank H. Simonds "

WASHINGTON D.C. I

"The search for truth is in one way hard, and in another easy. For it is evident that none can master it fully, nor miss it wholly. But each adds a little to our knowledge of nature and from all the facts assembled there arises a certain grandeur. " *

Metaphysica (Book I)
Aristotle

In the late Twenties and early Thirties, Washington was still referred to as a Southern Village; L'Enfant's broad avenues and spacious parks retained their original charm.

One of the city's newer buildings, an elegant neo-classic white marble structure roofed with bronze, sheltered the National Academy of Sciences and the National Research Council. Abraham Lincoln, under whose Administration the Academy had been chartered, had always wanted a central stand for America's science; now, at the close of the First World War, the Carnegie Corporation of New York provided money for the building and its equipment.

At the head, executively, of the greatest body of scientists ever brought together for patriotic and benevolent purposes - The National Research Council - my father had his office on the second floor of the long building facing, appropriately, Lincoln's shrine.

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*Inscription on facade of National Academy of Sciences and National Research Council building.

Two miles distant, in the city's northwest section, my parents had purchased a tree-covered lot - remnant of Washington's early forest - and engaged Bertram Goodhue, architect of the Academy building, to design for them a modest two story brick house. Three shallow arches broke the flatness of the facade; an iron railing led to the grey panelled doorway opening into the front hall from which a broad curving stairway rose to the second floor.

The lot on Bancroft Place had several advantages: it was three blocks from the Holton-Arms School for girls on S Street - the same street where the Hoovers had settled in a comfortable red brick house with a veranda overlooking an acre of garden; two doors below the Hoovers on the gently sloping road was the Woodrow Wilson home. Several Supreme Court Justices lived close by: Justice Brandeis, America's most influential advocate of Zionism, was then engaged in promoting inexpensive paperback educational material for the American rural South. Justice Cardozo, a distinctly human personality, became our friend, as did, later, Justice Felix Frankfurter, Franklin Roosevelt's brilliant appointee. Hoover's close friend and advisor, Judge Harlan Stone, lived two blocks from us. It was he, when Chief Justice, who said to my mother of the overpowering new Supreme Court building: "I feel like a cockroach in the Temple of Karnak!"

From the bottom of the S Street hill where it joins Massachusetts Avenue, one could pick out a number of foreign embassies housed in the most imposing buildings their respective nations could afford. Some of our former European friends had been sent to Washington: the Jules Jusserands represented France, Baron Robert Silvercruys - Belgium; Switzerland sent the

Marc Peters.

Missing was one old friend - Spain's Marquis de Villalobar. Hoover wrote in his Memoirs: "When it was necessary to use our Minister Chairmen in Belgium, we found that we could make more headway with the Germans through the Spanish Minister, the Marquis de Villalobar, than anyone else in Brussels. He was a man of unlimited courage, willing at all times to act, and he acted effectively. He had been born misshapen, with stump legs and arms and without ears and hair. His family, one of the most important in Spain, had kept him hidden away with a most unusual tutor. This tutor gave a unique education to an extraordinarily brilliant, crippled boy. In time, Villalobar was able to secure artificial parts for his deficiencies. He obtained a junior position in the Spanish Foreign Office and rose by sheer ability to the rank of Ambassador. He was most formal, always immaculately dressed, indicating little of his disabilities. He did not like Americans much. But he was devoted to the Relief and after the United States joined the war became our major support in Belgium."[12]

In 1915, when father called on the Minister of neutral Spain in Belgium, Vernon had already heard the story of this mysterious Iberian child; in his capacity of humane scientist, he asked the Ambassador if he could tell him what might have become of the young Spaniard. "Monsieur", the Minister replied, looking father fixedly in the eye, "C'est moi!"* Hoover confessed in his Memoirs that the thought of this man had haunted him

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*"Monsieur", replied the Minister, "It is I!"

for many years, saying that the Spaniard had more courage to fight for humanitarian causes than our own sensitive Ambassador in Brussels. It was Villalobar who so vigorously protested to the Germans before the execution of Edith Cavell.

Five years after the National Research Council became a permanent body, Vernon could point to a number of achievements in fundamental science and its applications: a system of National Research fellowships had been established - the largest grant coming from the Rockefeller Foundation for a series of postdoctorate fellowships in the biological sciences; relations with foreign workers and organizations were being closely maintained through the International Research Council and its affiliated International Unions representing special fields of science.

Officers of the Council typified the best of America's science; their friendly collaboration provided my father with the happiest and most rewarding years of his life. Honorary Chairman was George Ellery Hale, Director of the Mount Wilson Observatory in California; John C. Merriam, President of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, headed the Executive Board; Charles Walcott, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and President of the National Academy of Sciences, was one of three Vice-Chairmen, along with Gano Dunn, president of J. G. White Engineering Corporation of New York, and R. A. Millikan, director of the Norman Bridge Laboratory of Physics at the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena. My father was the only permanent officer of the Council, his energy and wisdom largely responsible for its first decade of growth.

A pattern of life soon developed at home which allowed for Vernon's

frequent trips to New York to secure financial support for the Council. He wrote me a graphic account of a certain dinner that had excited his interest:

February 24, 1927

"The guests were at three tables in the dining room - Mr. Rockefeller* took in Mrs. Harriman, the richest woman in the United States, and had at his left Mrs. Angell, wife of the president of Yale. Mrs. Rockefeller was at another table. I was at Mr. Rockefeller's table and took in Mrs. Dwight Morrow, wife of one of the partners in J. P. Morgan and Co., and at my left was Mrs. William Rockefeller, a cousin of Mr. John D. Rockefeller.

The dinner was good - but not any more elaborate than many Washington dinners. There were about thirty or thrity-five people all together.

After dinner we moved around in the various rooms looking at the many beautiful porcelains and tapestries, which are what Rockefeller especially goes in for. Both he and Mrs. Rockefeller were very sorry that Muz (my mother) wasn't there and asked me very sweetly to send their greetings to her. They are both real human beings and don't begin to put on the style of many other wealthy New York people. Oh yes, I forgot to say that after we sat down at dinner Mr. Rockefeller rapped on his glass (water glass - there was nothing but water to drink!) and I thought he was going to make a speech - but he asked grace - which is also not exactly characteristic of Washington dinners..."

Over on S Street "Old Butler" had raised a row of mammoth sunflowers in the Hoover garden. An elderly man whose true color was a rich chestnut brown, Butler was one of several blacks attached to the Hoover household. As liason officer between our two houses, he kept an eye on me whenever I was left at the Hoovers while my parents were away from Washington.

"Uncle Bert", as I was encouraged to call the Secretary of Commerce - (he faithfully calling me Rabbit) - had been appointed by President Harding

*John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

and retained the same Cabinet post under President Coolidge. Guests from all over the United States and the rest of the world flowed through the house.

Among the many animal pets at 2300 S Street was a large German Shepherd named Tut. This creature was very dear to "The Chief" - as everyone who had served under Hoover during the war called the Secretary. The dog had a nervous temperament and was hard to handle; the only person besides the Hoovers who took charge of him was Kosta Boris, an army private who had requested permission to be assigned to Hoover in Paris, and who had returned to America with "The Chief" to look after him with a devotion that was to last for over thirty years. I don't know why Tut became fond of me - I, who had always been afraid of his kind - but the dog would lie by my chair at meals and follow me about the house. At breakfast one morning, Boris came to tell me that father had telephoned from Bancroft Place asking me to come home immediately; when I rose hurriedly from the table, the surprised animal sprang at my hip, biting through my clothes to the skin. Later I learned that after the Hoovers moved to the White House, Tut took to circling the grounds with the guards and, after biting one person, had to be destroyed. Someone gave Mr. Hoover two Norwegian Elkhounds; I doubt if they ever replaced Tut in his affections.

Mother had known Lou Henry Hoover from Stanford days and felt that, for an outdoor woman, she was unusual in that she thought people the most interesting part of her world.

In an article for the Ladies' Home Journal, Charlotte wrote:

"Her (Mrs. Hoover's) outstanding characteristic is a peculiar mental and physical vitality...a physical and mental tirelessness. Sometimes this endowment of intense vitality concentratedly turns inward - as it has, for instance, in Madame Curie - or such vitality - Mrs. Hoover's type of vitality - may reach outward centering on human interest, on people, their sorrows and joys."

This human concern was to show itself clearly during the severe trials of illness soon to afflict my parents. By 1928 a slight deterioration in father's handwriting warned of the insidious onslaught of Parkinson's disease; mother's heart was strained and her bronchitis erupted in Washington's cold winters. We decided to go out to California for a few weeks. Vernon wrote Mary Austin from Yosemite: "Charlotte and Jean are just now at the Carmel Highlands cabin - where I shall join them in a few days. We have little connection with Carmel where good days are the old days".

Returned once more to Bancroft Place, father spent long hours at the Council and continued his efforts to extract more Foundation dollars for its fellowships; Vernon was burning his reserve store of strength.

At home, mother arranged small dinners for - at the most - twelve, choosing the guests after minimum consultation with father who appeared at the last minute and, with extraordinary charm and good humor, set the tone for exceptional conversation.

Frank B. Kellogg was Coolidge's Secretary of State; a cousin of father's, he was frequently confused with Vernon, especially on social occasions. This went so far that dinner guests due at the Frank Kellogg

home sometimes arrived at Bancroft Place, while our guests occasionally made the reverse mistake.

Herbert Hoover, lineal descendant of five generations of Quakers, was a statesman with pronounced preferences for world peace. He had always considered Kellogg to be an unusual and superior public servant and after the 1928 election asked the Secretary to remain in the Cabinet through June of '29 when Henry L. Stimson was to become Secretary of State. The so-called Kellogg - Briand pact, signed at Paris in August of 1928, had established a promising moral instrument for peace; Hoover knew, however, that acceptance of the Pact had been obtained upon the argument it contained no commitments to action.

Edwin Emerson reported in his book, Hoover and His Times, that on the day following the signing of the Pact, "Maxim Litvinoff, on behalf of the Soviet government at Moscow, which had been pointedly overlooked in Secretary Kellogg's first invitations, served a note of dissent on the League of Nations. Therein Russia refused to participate further in disarmament activities. The note said:

> 'The League has done nothing in this direction and is doing nothing. It rejected the Soviet proposal for complete disarmament and then did not act upon our substitute proposal for partial disarmament. Further discussions are merely calculated to mislead the peoples. Peace cannot be guaranteed so long as nations continue arming.'

Nevertheless, Litvinoff let himself be prevailed upon, after personal meetings with Stresemann and Briand, the foreign ministers of Germany and France, to declare Russia's readiness to adhere to what he called 'an empty pact'."

During Mr. Kellogg's period in the Hoover Administration, the President discussed with him the possibility of devising some stronger diplomatic teeth for the Pact in the form of a third Article to be added to the two existing Articles wherein the High Contracting Parties condemned recourse to war for the solution of international controversies. Article III would have set up an investigative commission, and would have provided that diplomatic recognition be withheld from areas gained by national aggression.

Kellogg considered the idea, finally concluding that any Article III would be too much of a parallel to the pacific steps already authorized to the League and would be resented by the League members.

While we lived in Washington, there was a marked cleavage between the Capital's political and cultural spheres: the Metropolitan Opera stopped at Baltimore, believing the Washington audience to be largely interested in prestige and social position; museums were formal and mostly limited to Government collections; scientists kept to themselves. Nevertheless we could enjoy George Catlin's paintings and drawings of the American Indian at the Smithsonian, Albert Ryder's mystical paintings at the same place; Chinese Chou dynasty bronzes at the Freer Gallery of Oriental Art, and the Shakespeare Folios at the Folger Library.

Most politicians were unaware that, a short distance from our house, on Twenty-First Street, the Duncan Phillips were slowly transforming their home into an avant-garde gallery of modern art accessible to the public. In Georgetown, Robert Woods Bliss, ~~a~~ career diplomat,

was helping his wife, Mildred, lay out the gardens at Dumbarton Oaks. Music at the Congressional Library was already established, with poetry readings soon to come.

At Bancroft Place, mother provided the simple, cordial hospitality that enabled my father - through sheer intellect and personal magnetism - to keep a host of interesting and distinguished friends. Among these were the Honorable Vincent Massey, his wife, Alice, and their two sons, Lionel and Hart. Vincent had my father's slight stature and - more importantly - similar traits of mind. He had served as Canada's Lord High Commissioner to London, and had come recently to Washington as his country's diplomatic representative. Massey became the first native born Governor General of Canada. He and my father felt an immediate sympathy, while mother and Alice Massey developed a warm friendship. The Massey family were Canada's chief patrons of the arts, interested, especially, in music, painting and theatre; Vincent's brother, Raymond, became one of the best known actors of his generation.

William Allen White came yearly to Washington, staying, when he could, with us. White regarded the political scene with a jaundiced eye - remarking to us once after a visit to Capitol Hill: "The Age of Dinosaurs has returned!"

WASHINGTON D.C. II

About the time Herbert Hoover was inaugurated as President, Vernon's health began to seriously decline; seven years younger, Hoover would outlive father by almost three decades. However, the Hoover's move from S Street to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue did not diminish a friendship that persisted in spite of increasing limitations on informal meetings between the two men.

Sensing Vernon's need for support and reassurance, The President arranged that father be driven out on summer weekends to a camp on the Rapidan river in Virginia's Blue Ridge mountains. The Hoovers had built there (and paid for) a number of log cabins furnishing accommodations for from twelve to fifteen guests; exactly one hundred miles from the White House, the camp was connected by direct telephone with the executive offices.

Sometimes Mrs. Hoover invited mother and myself to spend a weekend in one of these cabins; we watched the men - under Hoover's supervison - wade into muddy pools along the Rapidan canyon and build the several small dams that eventually converted the upper portion of the river into a fair trout stream. At the end of his Presidential term, Hoover assigned this precursor of Camp David to the Shenandoah National Park.

As President, Hoover's central difficulty was the "Great Depression" which first appeared domestically eight months after his inaugur-

ation. Between 1925 and 1929, Hoover and another S Street neighbor, Federal Reserve Board member, Adolph Miller, had repeatedly warned against the expansion of United States credit undertaken as a result of the influence of certain major European banks. Having correctly predicted the ensuing stock market orgy, Hoover was faced, in 1931, with the delayed consequences abroad of the First World War and the Versailles Treaty: revolutions, increased armaments and the total collapse of most European economies. During this period, Hoover started certain domestic programs - notably the Reconstruction Finance Corporation - which were later taken over by the "New Deal".

Making radical departures from the American tradition of local responsiblity was painful for the champion of indivdualism. The President lost popular support by making relief a moral issue.* Herbert Hoover, the most liberal member of the Harding - Coolidge cabinets, rejected the urgent advice of close friends like Justice Harlan Stone and Vernon Kellogg and was soon to discover that Roosevelt thought feeding hungry people was more important than principles. In short, the President lacked political acumen.

During this period, I attended Senate debates and faithfully read the Congressional Record; I was attracted to a group of youthful Progressive Republican senators - the so-called "Young Turks" - soon to be-

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*"Not only is this (Fiat money) a question of economic freedom, but more deeply is it a question of morals."

The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover, The Great Depression, page 391

come a "thorn in Hoover's side". Bob La Follette, son of William Allen White's old friend, Governor Robert Marion La Follette of Wisconsin, was working on banking reform with Bronson Cutting, scion of a wealthy New York Family. Bronson had gone out to New Mexico for his health and was then representing that state in the Senate.

Senator La Follette explained to me that the aim of the progressive mind was to deal progressively with each new issue that confronted the nation: to find new solutions to the growing complexity of modern social and economic demands. He considered the Middle - West an experiment station and believed the Constitution amply flexible to accommodate needed legislation.

Olivia Murray Cutting, Bronson's mother, was a widow, and had lost her only other son some years earlier; now she rented a house in Washington to be used when the Senate was in session. In 1935, while flying from New Mexico to an appointment with President Franklin Roosevelt, Bronson's plane crashed and the young senator was instantly killed. Bob La Follette could not bring himself to carry the tragic news. Instead, he asked my mother, Olivia's dearest Washington friend, to go to the Massachusetts Avenue house. After being admitted, mother waited at the foot of the staircase leading down from the living rooms above. Mrs. Cutting soon appeared on the upper landing, wondering, perhaps, why her friend stood so still below. Half way down the stairs, Olivia saw my mother's face; "Charlotte", she said, "I know - its Bronson". Olivia Cutting's profound intuition enabled my mother to tell her the facts of her son's death. The interview confirmed a friendship carried on after

Olivia's death at 93, by her daughter Olivia James.

Living on Bancroft Place, we had our backs to the rising storm among the Blacks living in Washington. The Blacks we knew lived in their employer's homes in our neighborhood: treated paternally, they kept a cheerful, even humorous outlook. Elsewhere in the city, most Blacks lived in appalling circumstances in alleys and street slums with names like Shad Row, Louse Alley and Foggy Bottom.

Agnes Meyer states in her book, Journey Through Chaos, "L'Enfant designed our (Washington) city blocks around generous open spaces so that the citizens of the Capital could enjoy large gardens...But when the flood of Negro refugees swept into Washington after the Civil War, real estate agents floated a project that made these back yards more profitable by constructing Negro shacks and barracks..."

As late as 1944, the wretchedness of Washington alleys with their stench of crime and disease was still unalleviated.

Vernon Kellogg was an exact scientist. He paid attention to the "Negro Problem" in the same way he approached other problems of the "American Melting Pot". Only his interest in the theories of Thomas Henry Huxley and his leaning toward indeterminism prevented him from accepting the Presidency of the American Eugenic Society. Some instinct warned him that here was potential too restricitve in matters of population control.

Nevertheless, father spoke out candidly on the subject of Race and Americanization in an article printed in the Yale Review in 1921:

"There is a difference - it can be a great difference - between

nation and race. Race came before nations in human evolution. Race is basic in human evolution; nation is superstructure. Race has gone on intensifying while nations have arisen and passed. This is not to say that races, too, may not arise and pass. We know that some old races have disappeared; that others have been modified; that, by this modification, new races have developed in the course of those many years, a half-million, perhaps, of man's inhabitancy of the earth. But while changes in nations have often been made by education and legislation, changes in races have been made by extermination or biological isolation or amalgamation and modification. There has also been in the evolution of the human races that we know today an element of time involved, much greater than the time element involved in the development of the human nations which exist today.

...The effects of biological evolution are fundamental; they are handed on in our biological inheritance. The effects of social evolution may be large; but they are not fundamental in the same sense that biological effects are; they are handed on only in our social inheritance. They demand continuous, deliberate, voluntary repetition; they must be maintained artificially, as it were...To the biologist race is a real thing, fundamental in the individual; nation is an acquired character, an immediate response to environment, but not heritable, although capable of being maintained, by environmental influences, through successive generations.

Hence the biologist sees in the problem of Americanization something more than an affair of nation and environmental influences, such

as education and legislation...it is partly biological and partly educational...

Any biological combination of human races or sub-races is possible. But there may be and are differences in the value of these combinations. Some combinations result in producing hybrids of more vigor than either of the parent forms, some of less vigor...

Now, the problem of Americanization, because of the presence already in the American population of from few to many representatives of all the primary human races and most of the sub-races, and because, unless radical changes are made in our immigration laws, more and more representatives of these different races and sub-races are bound to enter the population, and finally because all these races and sub-races can and actually do interbreed and produce hybrids of varying value (physical and mental condition and capacity) because of all this, any serious attempt at solving the Americanization problem must include a careful and unbiased consideration by trained students of anthropology and heredity of the biological, hence fundamental outcomes of these crossings. And the results of such consideration should be made known to the government and the public generally, and the significance, to the future of the nation, or the facts determined, insistently pointed out."

A half century later, it may be argued we are beyond the Melting Pot stage, that it is much too late for such scientific Americanization, yet it is possible the principles set forth in my father's article may, in future, take their ultimate revenge.

The present decline of Western Civilization needs spiritual

answers: lessening resistance to the evolutionary movement of all mankind - reduction of the ambition and greed of nationalism - social and physical limits to the concept of growth.

WASHINGTON D.C. III

Before the era of the ubiquitous cocktail party, Washington had its tea-tables; mother covered hers with Belgian lace and set it near the wide fireplace where, in winter, flames of a wood fire were reflected by the black marble hearth on which stood a pair of Revolutionary War fire-irons - housewarming gift from the Eugene Meyers. All sorts of people dropped in - some invited, some uninvited: poets, politicians, diplomats, scientists, novelists and newspaper men and women sought a moment of refreshment at the end of a working day before going on to the capital's usual late dinner parties.

One afternoon, the French poet, St. John Perse, came for the first time. This mysterious and fascinating individual, then about fifty-three, had been born in the French West Indies; Alexis St. Leger became Secretary-General of Foreign Affairs of France and under this - his real name - had undertaken secret diplomatic missions for his country. Saint John Perse, the poet, quit France in protest against certain compromises of his government; since then, he had chosen to live as a voluntary exile in America.

When he visited our home, Perse's poetry was becoming more available to Americans: Exile, Eloges, Nièges and Anabase had been translated into English and Perse was being ranked here among the major twentieth century poets.

Later, the poet asked me to accompany him to the Washington Zoo;

drawing me to the cages of wild birds of prey, he explained the mechanism of their eyes which efficiently altered the curvature of the lens from far-sighted to myopic as the bird swooped earthward in its hunting dive.

We sat down on a park bench to rest and I listened while Perse described the secret mission that had taken him deep into the Gobi Desert. After days of crossing empty sands, he had come upon a pavilion with a rich silken covering beneath which a feast of fruit and other foods was spread - no one was present - he still brooded upon the apparition.

One of mother's closest friends, Agnes Ernst Meyer, had little time for afternoon teas. A woman of great energy and intellect, Agnes moved through a wide world that is now the aspiration of millions of American women, exerting considerable influence on education, welfare and the growing independence of The American Woman. She married Eugene Meyer, a wise and tolerant man whom Hoover appointed Governor of the Federal Reserve Board. Although the two men had frequent disagreements on policy, Hoover chose Meyer to be Chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. In 1933, Eugene Meyer acquired the ailing Washington Post and transformed that newspaper into one of the country's greatest independent newspapers.

As a young woman living in New York, Agnes' natural sensitivity to art was nurtured by Alfred Steiglitz through whom she met the most important American artists of the early twentieth century. Her startling beauty, creative enthusiasm and spirited, even audacious manner, earned this remarkable woman the friendship of the European sculptors,

Rodin, Brancusi and Despiau. When Brancusi came to Washington, Agnes placed him next to my mother at the Meyer dinner table at Crescent Place; on the back of his place card Brancusi drew for Charlotte a diagram of art, fame and life: the line of life, marked with small even divisions, suddenly rises sharply toward the peak of fame's pyramid, then descends as quickly from that fatal point to the level punctuated line of everyday effort.

Agnes Meyer was a profound student of Chinese art and philosophy; travelling to China with Whistler's friend, Charles Lang Freer, she collected with the latter the contents of the Freer Gallery of Oriental Art, administered in Washington by the Smithsonian Institution.

Mother and Agnes were drawn to each other by their quasi-German inheritance, earthy humor and understanding. Agnes' oldest child, Florence, was a particular friend of mine. Sadly, she died early, leaving behind a fascinating and distinguished book of photographs, Focus on Art, in which she presents not only her mother's artist friends, but her own - from Charles Chaplin to John Huston.

As testimony to her admiration for Vernon, Agnes wrote for Charlotte, after father died, an account of a chance meeting with him in the California High Sierra where she had taken three of her children on a pack trip to a remote area of the King's River country:

"On this occasion Vernon's party had broken a new trail from the King's River watershed by crossing the Divide through a notch about 12,000 feet high, a short distance south of Milestone Peak, a feat that members of the Sierra Club had long contemplated.

Vernon was nearly exhausted but exuded the happiness, the sheer ecstasy which is peculiar to those who love to face the perils of high and unexplored regions...I felt that Vernon was losing caste with his rugged associates on the other side of the stream by merely knowing a city-slicker like me and when I extended a diffident invitation for lunch at our camp the next day, it was no surprise to have such doings sternly rejected by everybody except my loyal friend...

When the children left us for an afternoon of fishing, Vernon and I stretched out on the sunny, flat rock over which the stream slipped, broad and shallow, just after it plunged over the little ledge...A tiny trout, some four inches long, was fighting his way upstream, making a scarcely perceptible headway as the result of his constant effort because the current was strong over the smooth stone, and because the stream was so shallow that the upper part of his body actually protruded from the water. And yet he could not rest from his struggles without being swept back to the treacherous waterfall whose navigation must have been accomplished only a short time ago...The incident led Vernon's thoughts far afield to a discussion of the natural forces, the will to live and to develop that seems to dominate all of nature, animate and perhaps even inanimate. What is this force, we asked ourselves, and what its origin? Surely no mechanistic theory could wholly answer that question. I discovered that long, lazy, beautiful afternoon, brilliant with sunshine on far mountain vistas, how much more apt the scientific mind, which knows whereof it speaks, is willing to face the limitations of human knowledge and accept the possibility - in Vernon's case - the

certainty that ultimate causes will ever remain a divine mystery, and that human personality together with its environment is but a reflection, a temporary manifestation of an all-embracing, all pervasive, eternal personality.

Finally we came to talk of death which has now taken him away from us. If I have forgotten the words, I can recall vividly the utter calmness with which he faced death even then and thought of it as merely another manifestation of life, perhaps the greatest, the most crucial and beautiful manifestation, without which humanity would never be led to search its soul for such great achievements as art, philosophy and religion. 'It is because of death,' said Vernon, 'that life is what it is, challenging, tragic and magnificent.'"

Eugene Meyer had a special relationship with my mother; he confided to her that he wanted to do something to show that he - as well as Agnes - could take a hand in shaping the contemporary art scene. He knew mother was in the habit of receiving poets at her teas; the afternoon Audrey Wurdemann and Joseph Auslander planned to spend an hour at Bancroft Place, they found Eugene already comfortably seated by the fire. After introductions, he quickly launched his plan to underwrite a series of poetry readings at the Congressional Library. Audrey, Joseph and mother were enthusiastic. The idea took shape and it was decided to begin with a reading and talk by Carmel's Robinson Jeffers for whom the owner of the Post had a profound admiration. With the complete support of Archibald MacLeish, then Librarian of Congress, the Jeffers reading was arranged for the fall of 1940.

The California poetess Sara Bard Field wrote me from Los Gatos: "Poor Robin dreads it so. It is a terrible ordeal for him...I fear he will not be a great success. He does not read well. He cannot enunciate clearly. Syness covers up his words. I wish they would merely have him appear and let Una (Mrs. Jeffers) do the reading."

Una and Robinson Jeffers motored across the continent to initiate the readings. They were accompanied by their good friend Noel Sullivan, nephew of California's Senator Phelan, and himself a patron of the arts. Noel maintained a gracious Spanish style hacienda in the Carmel Valley where he entertained his friend, singer Lotte Lehmann, and young avant-garde Black poets like Langston Hughes.

The Jeffers stayed with the Meyers at Crescent Place. At the Library reading some members of the audience were given time to move closer to the platform in order to better hear the low voice of the poet who frequently dropped his head to read from manuscript or book.

In spite of this difficulty, Jeffers' solemn and affecting presence set an unforgettable example for future readings as other poets appeared in regular sequence. Eugene Meyer had played his role: interest in America in spoken poetry had been renewed!

Miles north of the Library, in the city's old Georgetown residential section, another event of importance took place that year: the Hon. and Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss conveyed the property of Dumbarton Oaks to Harvard University as a study center. The house, built in 1801, had been developed into a museum of Byzantine and Early Christian Art; the sixteen acres of gardens surrounding it had, under Mrs. Blisses direction

been redesigned by the distinguished landscape architect, Beatrix Jones*, and along with the house, were incorporated in the gift deed. The remaining thirty odd acres of the estate's wild grounds were given to the National Park Service for a public park.

Robert Bliss wanted Washington to be as notable for its civilized life as for its other accomplishments. His wife, Mildred Barnes, added to her scholarship a fastidious taste and great personal charm. Her delicate red-haired beauty masked a steely determination in all matters relating to the perfection of maintenance at Dumbarton Oaks.

Igor Stravinsky composed his Dumbarton Oaks Concerto in honor of the Blisses' thirtieth wedding anniversary in 1938, and conducted its performance in the music room where the Dumbarton Oaks Conversations of the nascent United Nations were to be held six years later.

After Robert Bliss died in 1962, Mildred added several pavilions to house a unique Pre-Columbian collection her husband had acquired and catalogued. Robert had said the National Gallery could not afford to secure the objects and he could not afford to give them to the nation; any visitor to Dumbarton Oaks can see them arranged on carved lucite stands set on circular parquet floors surrounded by glass walls opening on a jungle of azalea and rhododendrons - dramatic and successful instance of the creative imagination of Mildred Bliss.

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*Beatrix Jones married Max Farrand, father's old Stanford bachelor friend, who, after serving as head of the department of history at Yale, became director of the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery at San Marino, California.

Both Blisses were extraordinary in their faithfulness to close friends. On a northeast slope of the garden, above a charming stream, they built a slate-roofed shelter dedicated to the memory of Vernon Kellogg. Here, surrounded by a grove of flowering cherries, visitors can rest and study seasonal charts of birds and plants of the region.

Looking back on the Washington years, I am reminded of a reflection of Belgium's Baron Silvercruys:

"The hours we spent in the house on Bancroft Place, I shall always treasure. The doors at night were open on the garden, with the fireflies among the trees, like a thousand stars. Mrs. Kellogg was finishing a book. Work, always work - but peace had descended. To this day, I find in this vision the spirit that comforts and leads."

INTERLUDE

My family had expected me to move from Washington's Holton-Arms School to a well known college for young women to complete my education. However, I was anxious to study painting, and a set of coincidences led me straight to the School of Art at Yale University in New Haven.

Yale's president was then Dr. James Rowland Angell, a former chairman of the Research Council and a close friend of father's. Madame Marie Curie had represented the University of Paris at his inauguration. The oldest university art school in the western world, The School of Art at Yale possessed a legendary reputation. These facts combined to persuade my academic father that it was better to send me to a coeducational unit on the fringes of a great all-male university than to "some esoteric school of landscape painting".

To this privileged enclave within the industrial city of New Haven, other girls came to attend Yale-Harvard football games, romantic Proms and weekends of cheek to cheek dancing at the Taft Hotel. In the art school, on the other hand, excitement lay in walking into a conference room to find Mexico's Jose Clemente Orozco sitting casually on the corner of a drafting table gazing at the students through thick horn-rimmed glasses.

Professor Deane Keller taught the Life Painting class; recently returned from his years in Italy as a Prix de Rome scholar, Keller was a master draughtsman. He was a close friend of Professor Thomas Forbes,

then head of Anatomy at the Yale Medical School; as if to underline father's convictions about the cross-fertilized life of a great university, my professor invited me to accompany himself and a sculpture student to perform dissections on cadavers procured for the training of would-be surgeons. Keller felt that when, for instance, one drew the arm, it was necessary to know that "the radius crosses the ulna in pronation"!*

While Yale's academic potential exceeded even my father's expectations, I doubt if he could have realized the actual social standing of young women in an art school associated with a man's university. Artists have been popularly ascribed a bohemian nature and, although most of the hard-working ambitious girls at the school did not live up to the myth, there was ample opportunity to play the role. Ted Lewis brought his band and the St. Louis Blues to New Haven. For the dances in downtown hotels I spent my allowance on black evening dresses and other startling apparel. Attendance at games, dances and the country week-ends that followed interfered with my studies; my whole life had become one violent reaction to the solitary intellectualism of my early years with its accompanying preponderence of older friends. Sadly, the Dean wrote my father describing the situation.

Dad was already gravely ill with the wasting effects of the disease

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*The two bones in the forearm, the radius and the ulna, are so jointed as to perform a spiral crossover each time the hand turns inward toward the body - one of nature's more fascinating inventions.

that would claim his life within a few short years. He wrote me a stern letter, then relapsed into the old affectionate language. I noted the trembling of the once incisive handwriting, and read between the lines his pathetic joy in the fishing trips to the Florida Keys arranged for him by Herbert Hoover, who sometimes went along, as did Chief Justice Stone.

Father sent me more money: "Don't cramp yourself trying to pay me back in a hurry - let the debt stand until you get a windfall". There was no windfall and father never complained. I buckled down at Yale and regained my scholastic standing.

The Frederick Walcotts had a farm at Norfolk, Connecticut. Their sons, Alex and Bill Walcott, went to Yale. Senator Walcott had been his state's Commissioner of Welfare before going to Washington where he took an active interest in our family, providing my father with a car and chauffeur to take him daily to the Council after Mother's Electric faltered in Capitol traffic. Norfolk was surrounded with woods and lakes, a welcome relief from the atmosphere of New Haven; I looked forward to breakfasts of wild blueberries and thick cream from Walcott cows, and to musical evenings when neighbors gathered to accompany the Senator who was proficient with cello and violin.

Shortly before I left Yale, Mary Austin lectured at the school of Drama. Her face, as Will White said, "had grown plain, strong and commanding". I went up to the platform and introduced myself; I cannot remember Mary's words, but noted her hold over the young men in her audience who seemed to catch some of the significance of this astonish-

ing, "liberated" woman.

Before quitting Yale, I went out once or twice to Carmel and found that our old neighbor, the botanist Dr. D. T. Mac Dougal, had persuaded Paul Dougherty, an eminent marine painter, to settle on the hillside just above our Highlands cabin. He and his wife, Paula, were building their studio home in a setting later described by the artist in a letter:

"The hill beside the house and stretching up the entire mountainside is a riot of cream white bloom - the chamise in flower. Unbelievable. The Sea yesterday was grey and fog wrapped, today all blue and scintillating. The sky is cloudless. Europe except perhaps in Andalusia knows naught of such heavens."

A New Yorker, Dougherty had worked in France and England and, more persistently, on the Maine coast. His uncle had been friend to the English impressionist, J. M. W. Turner, so when this new neighbor agreed to take me on as apprentice my parents, with characteristic indulgence, allowed me to leave Yale a year before I should have acquired my degree and asked my Aunt Regula to build a small studio for me on our land.

All my inner being responded to that place where father had sought for facts to support his scientific intuitions. There, in the Highlands, like the daily fog drift, I felt I had found my prevailing direction. I, too, would search the significance of the facts about me and transmute them into painted images.

Within a few months the happy time at Carmel came to an abrupt end: a telegram from the White House stated that both my parents were gravely ill - "Uncle Bert thinks if you knew the situation you would

come" - the message was signed "Auntie Lou".

My train pulled into Union Station in the evening; at Bancroft Place I found my father standing at the foot of his bed, gripping the bedpost and moaning, "Oh my God, my God". In the adjoining room, attended by a nurse, mother lay motionless stricken with a coronary occlusion.

Sensing my parents had spared me too much, the Hoovers had brought me home. Almost every day the White House car drew up at our door to delivery gifts of food and flowers; much of my time was spent arranging roses and French bouquets sent by the First Lady, and in answering the myriad anxious calls from friends.

Mother made a slow recovery, my father's case was different: it soon became apparent he could not long remain at Bancroft Place.

AN INSTITUTE OF LIVING

"It is likely enough that lions and scorpions
Guard the end; life never was bonded to be endurable nor
the act of dying
Unpainful..." Robinson Jeffers

I will go back a little to complete the story of Vernon Kellogg's final years. The fall and winter of 1931 proved critical to father's health. A decade earlier, he had helped establish the solar research laboratory in Tucson, Arizona; now, he decided to return to the Desert Sanitarium there, hoping to gain relief from the muscular palsy and general weakness associated with Parkinson's disease.

Initial reports were cheerful; then, on November 19th, he wrote my mother in Washington:

"I have been trying for days to write you a letter - am afraid now to send you post cards about important things - especially the resignation.

Every time I think of that, my legs fold up under me - my breath goes and heart stops. I think of all it means to us - no salary, no office, no position, no secretarys, no anything -

And yet it just has to be - has to be/"

In that same letter, with characteristic selflessness, father expressed concern that he and another officer of the Council should be incapacitated at the same time: "Does Burgess know about the resignation yet? It's going to hit the Council pretty hard with both Burgess and me knocked out - for Burgess will have to give up some of his attention to other things than the Bureau of Standards.

This is about all I can write - but it is not so bad, is it?

Love and devotion,

V."

On December 3rd, Vernon wired his wife:

"Improving slowly but real recovery not assured necessary stay here longer stop Saturday sent you resignation for December 31st but leave it hands you, Merriam, Dunn, Flexner, Ames, Wilbur, Hoover to decide resign now or any alternative arrangement."

Vernon Kellogg

(All these men except Herbert Hoover were officers of the Council.)

Less than a week later, a telegram from Washington reached my father in Tucson:

"At meeting Executive Board this morning Dr. Campbell* presiding your letter November 28th was presented by Dr. Merriam and resolutions prepared by Dr. Merriam and Mr. Dunn were adopted accepting resignation as of December 31st in order to relieve you of responsibility for office of Permanent Secretary...most cordial expressions of appreciation by members of Board of all your services to Council and desire for continued association and earnest hopes for returning strength.

(signed) Albert Barrows, Assistant Secretary"

Because of the serious financial situation of the National Research Council, father's full salary was to be discontinued well before the end of the fiscal year, while the greatly reduced "emeritus" stipend could be guaranteed for only one further year. Vernon cautioned Charlotte not to speak of his disappointment at this arrangement which must have

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*Dr. William Wallace Campbell, president of the National Academy of Sciences, 1931 - 1935

been personally discouraging since the Carnegie Institution, on a technicality, denied my father a pension at the time it was most needed; new exigencies faced his family when Vernon returned to Washington to put his affairs in order.

Father's condition steadily worsened during the months following my return to Bancroft Place - the disease attacking not only muscular control but memory itself and the ability of the mind to coordinate its racing thoughts - at night this became an agony to the sufferer. Years of overstrain had shaken the mysteriously delicate nerve balance - disturbed that mechanism "fussily adjusted to environment like an electroscope" - Vernon needed relief from suffering in a place where he could have professional help in an effort toward readjustment.

After several fruitless sojourns at spas and health centers, Senator Walcott suggested we visit the Hartford Retreat in Hartford, Connecticut. Mother knew only that the place was called also an asylum, dedicated to the cure of the mentally ill; she hesitated - then, one day, we three went up to Hartford and, next morning, choosing a bench near a group of elms and maples in a corner of the Retreat grounds, we sat down to survey a scene strangely reminiscent of a university campus well known to all of us. There was a border of red cannas and salvia along a path beyond which stretched thirty-five grass covered acres with scattered cottages and a croquet ground. An enclosed truck was beginning the midday distribution of food containers from the kitchen in the central building to the kitchenettes of the cottages. Along paths, across lawns, there was a continuous passing of alert young men

and women - "You will find that staff on tiptoe", a physician later told us - one of the young men approached my mother saying the physician-in-chief was ready for our interview.

Dr. C. C. Burlingame was a pioneer in mental health research; a man in advance of his time, he purposed the conversion of his institution to an Institute of Living which would combine hospital and school. For patients and staff alike, it was to be a place for education and reeducation under psychiatric guidance based on sound medical practice.

In an article Charlotte later wrote for the Atlantic Monthly about efforts to humanize the treatment of the mentally ill, she remembers that she was barely eighteen when she was given charge of a school in Napa, California, often called the 'asylum school'; with few exceptions, the sixty odd pupils were children of attendants in the sinister buildings, shut in by high brick walls, known as the 'State Insane Asylum'. The school trustees were attendants. "Each month I had to go for my pay check to an office in one of these buildings. This took me along a corridor from whose barred windows I looked down on two blank-walled enclosures where the 'dangerous' were taken for exercise and air. The guards in those sealed yards were well armed.

One day, as I was about to pass through a door that divided a corridor into two lengths, a woman darted from somewhere up close behind, clapped the hooded part of a sunbonnet over my face, and, as she deftly tied the strings at the back of my neck, cried, 'The gate of hell - give up all hope, you who enter!"

After forty years this Dantesque utterance still rang across my

mother's brain as she leaned forward to listen to Dr. Burlingame who was about to explain ~~his~~ the theory behind his practice. Just then, an aide appeared and asked my father if he would like to inspect a cottage near the croquet ground. (During a half-dozen years Vernon had had neither the energy nor desire to attempt a game of any kind.) When they left, we made ourselves comfortable and listened silently to the extraordinary man sitting on the opposite side of the large desk.

"The effect of the chronic type of illness on the acute type must be considered in an institution of this type," (the physician began) "facilities for the two types of illness differ, and personnel with the mental and emotional make-up suited to intensive work with recoverable cases is not necessarily best suited to the care of chronic cases. I have chosen to do most of my work in the field of preventative psychiatry, and with recoverable or partially recoverable cases.

By installing a night shift in the medical record room it is possible to coordinate within twelve hours" (this was before the computer age) "all known medical facts regarding an individual case and to place this information promptly at the disposal of those in a position to use it.

Conditions at the Institute are made as safe as possible by a system of discipline which begins with the aide. The average age of personnel is just under thirty years, safeguarding the enthusiasm and vigor of the institution. Physicians and psychiatrists are trying to develop a place where the new profession of psychiatric nursing can be developed along with the art and science of medicine.

Once a guest has entered in a direct, natural manner, the institute attempts to maintain for him normal surroundings, which calls for the highest degree of sensitive response to individual mental reactions. For while the impression of naturalness must not be sacrificed, it is at the same time essential to create for the ill person an initial completely protective environment, which, as a progressive set of readjust-

ments is established, must be as progressively, as delicately withdrawn."

Concluding this first interview, Dr. Burlingame took us to the physiotherapy rooms with their bewildering activities of rays and waters, muscle training, and corrective exercises; an interesting varied physical program, adjusted to the changing needs of the patients, which was never allowed to become stale.

Then, taking the direction indicated by our host, we soon found my father sitting on the porch of one of the cottages nearest the croquet field. He was talking with Morton, the aide, who, upon our approach, rose and pushing open the french doors, invited us inside the living room to which comfortable furniture, books and papers, a writing desk and radio, gave a homelike attractiveness. Someone was playing a piano.

"That's upstairs", father said - (he had already inspected the cottage) - "there are two elderly ladies upstairs, one of them is a musician. We would be four in this cottage, there's this bedroom off the living room besides one I could have on the first floor, but for the moment it isn't occupied. So we would be three."

Mother and I looked at each other, but said nothing as Morton led us down a short corridor to a room bright with chintz and flowers. From this hall opened, too, the white kitchenette, where two girls in fresh caps and aprons were busy between the electric stove and the cupboard.

"They're glad to have you stay for lunch," Morton said, "that's more than it seems, because it has to be arranged with the central kitchen. I'd think it difficult, but they don't!" He smiled. "Only we shouldn't

be late. They have lessons afterwards."

Mother laughed and nodded acceptance and Morton went to the corridor end to get a couple of tables.

After lunch, mother and I had another interview with Dr. Burlingame: "To what degree of mental illness do you limit acceptances?" Charlotte enquired.

"The limit is set only by our belief that we cannot help the person who wishes to come here. We have people who, like your husband, are little more than nervously fatigued, and others who are just as ill as they are in any institution; only we don't act strangely about it - it's nothing to get excited about. One ill person is not different from another except as we make or keep him so. A typhoid patient is often delirious - do we set him apart as "different" because of that? Our first step here is to ensure that normal environment in which men and women live and work together, and are not set unnaturally apart. In the past, psychiatric hospitals have been poorer in psychology than any others. Kindness doesn't get us far if practised within a false environment. It is not enough that chiefs of staff find a new mental axis - the whole personnel must; the community must."

Father spent the last three years of his life in the cottage near the croquet grounds at the Hartford Retreat. On his desk was a constantly updated pile of books from the Institute library: New Frontiers, by Henry Wallace; The Tale of a Shipwreck, by James Norman Hall; the third volume of Jules Romains' great novel, Men of Good Will and, for humor, perhaps Brinckley Manor by P. G. Wodehouse. V.L. was at peace -

one among the no more than two hundred ill persons in residence at the Retreat at any one time. He played croquet with Morton and won; he was happy when mother and I could stay in a nearby cottage and he could spend long, leisurely hours with us.

Vernon Kellogg died at Hartford on August 8th, 1937. His glimpse of a golden age yet unfulfilled - mankind, after all, was not Beyond War - imminent was another world cataclysm.

Of father's last hours, I remember only the pure white moth alighting on the wall behind his bed; the presence of his brother Fred who stood close to my mother; the reading of messages from Herbert Hoover and William Allen White which Vernon appeared to understand - and my own senseless, too vocal grief.

During the service in the Hartford Cathedral, an overflowing crowd heard Vernon's own words as they were read from the pulpit:

"There is a true individuality, that of uniqueness, which is the result of voluntary and comprehending action. That is, if one understands environment and acts with discerning intelligence, then there is true individuality. This uniqueness is not separative, for it is intelligence itself."

At the moment the carillon pealed out over the New England city, a flood of editorials appeared in the country's newspapers. The New York Times announced that a missionary of fine zeal had passed, a voice almost unique among scientists before the World War, a voice that insisted "that the day had gone by when a biologist, a physicist or a chemist should confine himself to making discoveries and let statesmen and legis-

lators apply them for better or worse in advancing national interests."

The Washington Post: "The man who is honored alike by scientists, by statesmen, and by little children is one whose contribution will endure and whose personality will not soon be forgotten by those fortunate enough to have come within its influence. So the name of Vernon Kellogg rests secure among those Americans of our day who have been of memorable service of humanity."

William Allen White devoted half the editorial page of the Emporia Gazette to a eulogy of his friend - the last sentences:

"With all his learning, with all his wisdom, with all his gentleness and all the love he bore so many friends, also he had great courage. He was a rounded man whom God gave a chance to be all that he would have been. Then, by the cruel irony of fate, he had to live on and see life slowly move from him. The power and beauty and joy that he loved so well he was doomed to see fail and fade and fall from his hands. But because he made no outcry he knew at last that he was very brave. For he had lived through death.

And so passed the little boy who padded barefoot along these streets, ran over these hills and swam these streams, who looked at these Kansas skies and saw here the common, lovely visions of youth."

The ashes were brought back to Monterey to rest near the bay Vernon and Stevenson had both so loved; Stanford University's chaplain came to assist the wife who had kept her lantern burning throughout the tragic years. No guttering wind had touched the flame within; it flickered now - then steadied, to part the darkness where it had to go.

Dickie

1st version

MEMOIRES POLONAIS I

" My dear Mr. Paderewski, I can tell you that Poland will be resurrected and will exist again. The miracle of independence will come from the West.." *

Woodrow Wilson, 1916

" The Polish state which emerged on the European scene in the middle of the Tenth Century, to play a significant part for over eight hundred years, took its place near the western limits of the great European plain which stretches from the Urals to the North and Baltic Seas. Across this plain and up and down the rivers, the frontiers of Poland moved back and forth according to the fortunes of war and the marriage of princes...The Czechs and Magyars from the south, the Tartars from the east, and the Swedes and lesser tribes from the north provided from time to time the forces by which or against which men moved these boundaries. But from the very beginning of the recorded history of these regions to our own day two other peoples, with brief intermissions, have been pressing forward or were being pressed back in conflict with the Poles; the Germans from the west, the Russians from the east." 9 (Fisher)

The political life of Poland in the period of its greatness produced individual liberty, tolerance - (Jews were invited to settle as early as 1096) - and a type of government considerably in advance of other continental European states. However, a continual shifting of geographical frontiers

* By his "West" Wilson meant the Western States ~~of America~~ that would support him in the imminent presidential election.

ethnic groups
nations?
?

with a consequent mingling of races, produced those twilight zones of nationality which today provide one of the most serious problems of European politics.

The appetites of three of Poland's neighbors - Prussia, Russia and Austria, had their result in three successive partitions of the Polish State. With the last of these, in 1795, Poland disappeared from the map of Europe.

In the introduction to his book America and the New Poland, H.H. Fisher reminds us, ~~states :~~ " Three things have determined the character of America's part in the restoration of Poland -

The relation of the status of the Polish nation to the political system of Europe :

The bond of sympathy between Poland and America established by Kosciuszko and Pulaski and strengthened by the participation of hundreds of thousands of Poles in our national life; and

The world economic situation ... //

To these three I should add a fourth :

The extraordinary success of the peasant genius, Ignace Jan Paderewski, whose logic and eloquence united the American Poles, and who through Colonel Edward Mandell House, influenced President Wilson to make his Thirteenth Point Poland's point :

> " An independent Polish State should be erected which should include the territories inhabited by indisputably Polish populations, which should be assured a free and secure access to the sea and whose political and economic independence and territorial integrity should be guaranteed by international covenants."

Dickie

With the declaration of the November, 1918, armistice, Paderewski realized he must terminate his mission in the United States and return to Europe, where the Peace Conference would meet, where Poland's future would be decided. After a brief stop in Paris, he crossed to London; there, his friend Arthur Balfour, Britain's powerful foreign secretary, advised him to go to Poland to organize a concrete government so that such a government might send representatives to the forthcoming peace conference and have a voice in determining questions relative to Poland.

" I will go ", Paderewski said, " but on one condition. I must travel on a British man-of-war. " He wanted to arrive with all the prestige of a British ship flying the victorious Union Jack. He went home to await the decision.

All day and all night he waited. Then a member of the Foreign Office arrived with this message : " I have to notify you that your wish has been granted. The name of the cruiser is the Condor. It will sail in two days from Harwich."

" To venture into Poland at this time, " said Colonel House, " was a perilous undertaking for one who had played so important a role in the humiliation of the governments of which the new Poland had so recently been a part , 10 and to make the venture through Danzig was particularly perilous. But fear for himself had never been a part of Paderewski's character. "

pages 102-103 H.H. Fisher

Dickie

Four days before Christmas, the Paderewskis boarded the British warship Condor ; cautiously beginning to cut its way through the mine-sown North Sea, the ship was preceeded by a British mine sweeper policing the dangerous path. Both warships headed for the Baltic and Poland's ancient seaport, Danzig.

On Christmas Day the Condor docked at the drab port of Danzig, once the gold-façaded , sail-flecked Venice of the North. As he said good-by,Paderewski took off his gold wrist watch and presented it to the captain; then, looking at the port, sea-bordered and river-crossed, he stepped from the landing ladder to meet the crowd of Poles pressing tpward him. Turning to Colonel Wade, chief of Britain's first military mission to Poland who had travelled with the sizeable party on the Condor, Paderewski told him - " You are looking out through the ancient window of our race. "

By New Year's Eve the Paderewski party had reached the Warsaw railroad station ; the platform dark with people in their winter costumes was enlivened by the uniforms of the new army with silver tassels and adorned with deep red, with the historical four-cornered caps of ancient Poland.

In her biography, Paderewski, my mother relates:

"On January fourth, Dr. Vernon Kellogg, Herbert Hoover's envoy, and chief of the American Food Mission, also arrived in Warsaw. He called on Marshall Pilsudski, Poland's military chief of state the afternoon of his arrival to discuss starvation,

disease, typhus, smallpox and tuberculosis. He called the next day and again. Kellogg's job was to convince Pilsudski, a socialist, that only to the democratic government for which Paderewski was working could loans and gifts be made; that the socialists must cooperate with him. The Marshall listened to the arguments of an American empowered to start money, food and cotton toward Warsaw.

At noon on January seventh, Paderewski called on Pilsudski who agreed to form a joint government, with Paderewski holding the double post of prime minister and minister of foreign affairs."

In addition to this diplomatic work, Hoover's envoy obtained from a patriotic Pole his house, called " The Blue Palace" it was to serve as the United States legation and the home of its first minister, Hugh Gibson, ~~who was to become~~ one of the best friends Poland ever had.

In the late afternoon of the seventh, immediately after his interview with Pilsudski, Paderewski met for the first time with my father. Pausing at the beginning of their talk the Polish Statesman recalled a California concert he had given many years before at the request of some students working their way through Stanford University, among them Herbert Hoover. When Hoover and a collegemate had heard of the sensational success of Paderewski's San Francisco concerts, they thought they saw a way to finance the rest of their college careers. For a guarantee of twelve hundred dollars they ~~would~~ hoped to persuade the pianist to play in San Jose, a city in the

flourishing fruit valley south of the university. The date of the concert fell in Holy Week. They forgot, if indeed, they ever knew, that in Holy Week many people will not attend even a concert.

Partly because of the date, there was scarcely half an audience. They were stunned, they had gone to Paderewski's manager: " Mr. Paderewski " , Herbert Hoover had said, " will get what is due him, we will earn the money."

Paderewski had thought of another plan. He had sent for them and told them to pay first what they owed in the city, and then to keep thirty percent - the customary manager's fee - for themselves. He would take the rest. " I enjoyed giving this concert for young Hoover," the Pole told my father.

Now it was Poland's turn to be helped. " Isn't it one of those simply unbelievable turns in the road of destiny," Paderewski said to Vernon, " that bankrupt western engineering student now tackling the bankruptcy of my country - isn't it unbelievable,Kellogg? "

One night he arranged a gala performance at the opera in honor of the Americans where, in the box, Kellogg sat next to him. When the orchestra struck up " The Star Spangled Banner " and the whole house was on its feet, all eyes on the box, suddenly these two men threw their arms about each other, unashamed of tears.

It was a last moment of euphoria for Paderewski; a long grim struggle lay ahead. But, first, the Paris Peace Conference where, almost alone, Wilson stood for Poland.Until the arrival of Paderewski, Poland had been represented at Paris by Roman Dmowski, leader of the National Democrats, who was now so completely pessimistic about Poland's situation, that it fell to Paderewski to present Poland's case with a new, more human approach.and his

~~genius for friendship.~~ The weary meetings stretched out; to restore Poland's frontiers meant changing those of neighboring states. Part of Poland's claims were lost, and Paderewski's enemies charged him with each failure, but one blazing fact remained: this treaty declared Poland to be again an independent nation. With this thought in mind Paderewski went to Versailles to sign the treaty.

Nation followed nation to the signing table; after Lloyd George and President Wilson came Paderewski. He had, as always, dressed with care: "long black morning coat, white waistcoat, white bow tie, smooth-fitting buttoned shoes. The applause was like that given only to the few preceding delegates of the " Big Powers ," as he signed with a gold quill presented to him for this use.../ that never-changing inscription, the " I " and the " J " generously looped, the small letters exquisitely written, the final " i " sweeping forward beneath the name, to its beginning, then back again; halfway there, curving into something like the lower clef signature of a bar of music, forming a fine support for the whole... Then he used a gold stamp that hung from his watch chain to affix his seal to the name. " // #

page 172 C.K.

The second half of 1919 was a trial by fire for Paderewski, shadowed by the strong-jawed secretive face of Pilsudski. Never side-tracked by self-interest, " The right, the straight path " had always been Paderewski's axiom; yet,now, in Poland, intrigue uncoiled itself around him as nothing could stop Pilsudski's efforts to rid himself of the man who stood in the way of his regaining full control of Poland.